<u>The Cow and the Cucumber</u>

By Jonathan Olvera

"Mooo!"
"Mooo!"
"Mooo!"
The cow was heard in the bright stead of the morning.
His name was Clover and the pasture he stood on was like his name.
It was very inspiring for me, a man of age Thirty to see this great animal who shared much of the likeness and desires of the company to which it was accustomed to.
"Good Morning Clover!" I would exclaim to the cow.
"You are never unnoticed." I told him.
Clover was attended to by a Ranch attendant and he was very eager to sell the feed for this Cow.
It was no more than forty dollars I did pay to feed the Cow - Cucumbers.
The cow, no stranger to the fondness of a shared emotion between two of the same stead and pasture, made his way over to me although there was a fence that ended the pasture and grew into the concrete slab that was a foundation to my living quarters.
He was close and the Cow Clover shook his head up and down asking for food.
Close by the door was the box of cucumbers Clover had seen by the door.
I walked over and I grabbed a cucumber.
I walked back to the fence and I gave it to Clover. He had a big mouth and it was lively so lively to me it seemed animated.
It was funny.
The cow was so good company and silly with gestures it made me think what more do animals like clover the cow have to offer away from the human nonsense of every day.

Clover liked cucumbers and I liked spending time with Him.
I gave him three more cucumbers.
Clover said "Mooo!" and I said "Goodbye clover!"
Clover was a good friend to make. I will always remember this Cow Pet.

Moo!
Moo!
Moo!

Clover’s call echoed across the bright morning sky.

He stood proudly in the pasture, his name fitting the lush green field beneath his hooves. As a thirty-year-old man, I found something inspiring about this great animal—his calm presence, his simple joys, and his easy companionship.

"Good morning, Clover!" I called out cheerfully. "You are never unnoticed."

Clover was well cared for by the ranch attendant, who eagerly sold me his feed. I paid forty dollars—no more, no less—for a box of cucumbers, Clover’s favorite treat.

Despite the fence separating us, Clover and I shared a silent understanding. He stood near the barrier where the pasture met the concrete foundation of my living quarters, bobbing his head up and down in anticipation. His dark eyes flickered toward the box of cucumbers sitting by my door.

Smiling, I walked over, picked one up, and returned to the fence. As I held it out, Clover eagerly took it, his large mouth animated and full of life. It was funny, almost cartoonish in the way he chewed—so expressive, so full of personality.

Spending time with Clover made me wonder—what more do animals like him offer beyond the daily chaos of human life? In his simple joy, there was peace, honesty, and an unspoken connection that required no words.

Clover loved cucumbers. And I loved spending time with him.

I handed him three more.

"Moo!" he bellowed, his voice deep and content.

"Goodbye, Clover!" I said with a laugh.

He was a good friend. A friend I would always remember.